THE Numb. 28.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Wednesday** September 7, to **Friday** September 9, 1709.

LADY *Termigant*, who is so violent an Advocate for her own Sex, that she interests her self in ev'ry Lady's Misfortunes, feels her Wrongs, and is as impatient for Revenge, as if they were immediately her own, came raving to me this Morning, more like a Fury than a Rational Creature; she had all the Agonies and Convulsions of an Enrag'd Lunatick, her Words were so many Claps of Thunder, she blasted with her Eyes, and her Looks and Motion show'd her impetuously resolute on some fatal Enterprize; she's a Lady of a right Understanding, strict Morals and unshaken Friendship, but as none are without Failings, her ungovern'd Zeal sometimes carries her beyond Reason, as a Faith too implicite often breeds Enthusiasm; however, Passion, which rising to a Storm, blows soon over, is a Temper better to be indur'd than a peevish, fretful Disposition, which gives a whole Family the Spleen, without telling 'em Why; and when I heard the Cause of her Ladyship's disorder, I was not so much surpriz'd at it. It seems, a certain Gentleman, now a Baronet, and whom we must call Sir *Samuel Slender*, about Sixteen Years past, made his Addresses to a very fine young Lady, a Relation of Lady *Termigant*'s, whose Perfections of Mind as well as Body, had attracted an infinite number of Admirers; she had a Gentlewoman's Fortune, Two Thousand Pounds, but Lovers blush'd at People's naming Worldly Pelf to 'em; she was an Angel of her self, and had prodigious offers, but Sir *Samuel* being her first Suitor, she thought Honour oblig'd her to shew particular Regard to him, and by his insinuating Behaviour and Amorous Protestations, he became her Favourite; he visited her at all Seasons, she admitted his Pretences, appeared Abroad with him, received Treats and Presents from him, and the Town concluded it a Match: But as the Tyranny of Doting Relations, often prevents, or delays the Consummation of reciprocal Love, Sir *Samuel* had an extraordinary Old Uncle, whose Estate he impatiently waited for, whose *Deity was Money*, and whose obstinacy *unparalell'd*, and shou'd his Nephew have marry'd the most accomplish'd Nymph with a moderate Fortune, he wou'd certainly have disinherited him. This Obstacle was no small damp to our enamour'd Knight, who, tho he believ'd the present Sincerity of *Catherina*'s Flame, yet, as her Beauty was always wounding, Lovers eternally pressing, and Youth calling for Injoyment, he doubted the Constancy of her Mind; for his Circumstances wavering in an old Man's Breast, he cou'd not entertain the hopes of Matrimony till his Uncle's Death: But the Lady having more sublime *Platonick* Notions of Love than the generality of her Sex, and her Passion not proceeding chiefly from sensual Inclinations, but being grounded on the more substantial Comforts of Life, thought Sir *Samuel*'s Welfare equally concern'd her self, resolv'd patiently to wait the Event of Fortune, and they were *Contracted* in the most solemn manner imaginable. *Catherina* then led a most reserv'd Life, was deny'd to former Pretenders, Sir *Samuel* visited her hourly, and his Conversation was to her the summ of all Gallantries; her *Female* Friends, who generally meet to do a *little Work and have a great deal of Tittle-tattle*, were often levelling at her their malicious Artillery of—*mutual Bliss, Extatick Joys, Fading Charms*, and such Stuff, whom she heard with Temper and rally'd with Modesty; and tho' the Old Fellow had the Conscience to grunt out twice Seven Years, she kept her Faith inviolate with a most miraculous ease and inimitable Abstinence; at last the Infernal Powers wondering he staid so long, demanded his appearance, and the Nephew possess'd himself of a fine Seat, a large Estate, and a very ancient Title, all too little a Reward for *Catherina*'s Constancy: He continued his Visits to her, but *Business now multiplying upon him*, was his pretence, that they were not so frequent as formerly; he sometimes mention'd the *Contract*, but with unusual Coldness; *her Fortune he knew to be but small, and his Uncle was ever against the Match:* In short, he slited her by degrees, and at last most inhumanly threw her off. Before the disconsolate *Catherina* let us draw a Veil, her Griefs must be inexpressible, tho' she ought to raise 'em to Resentments; and as she has Power yet left to prostrate Millions at her Shrine, she ought to summon ev'ry Charm, point ev'ry Glance, and pursue 'em with the Coquetry of *Smiles, Frowns, Complaisancy and Disdain, all the Crocadile Arts of designing Woman, and the inveterate Malice of neglected Beauty*, till she has reveng'd the Injuries done her by the perfidious *Strephon* on his whole hated Race: But as the tenderness of her Sex rather supposes her dissolv'd in Tears, we ought to soften her Afflictions, Reason her into Calmness, and muster all our Forces to punish such unheard of Perjuries: Lady *Termigant* wou'd have had him flea'd alive, Mrs. *Romance* was for *exposing the Monster in an Iron Cage like the Tyrant* Bajazet, and Mrs. *Postscript* wou'd have had the Match made an *Article of the Peace*; however, *Catherina* thus abandoned, Sir *Samuel* runs a *Fortune Hunting*, but Mrs. *Townly* had so told it in *Gath*, and published it in the Streets of *Askelon*, that the *Court Ladies* were as apprehensive of him, as some People are of *a Cat*; the *City Ladies* jeer'd him, and the *Country Ladies* spit at him. The Knight was not the least daunted at these Repulses, *Ill Principles must be supported with a good Assurance*; and persuing his fantastick Adorations, at last fix'd upon *Blowzabella* in *Charter-house Yard*, a

Creature

Creature of that Pride, that ſhe cou'd away with any thing to be a Baronet's Lady; her Family was perfectly cut out for ſuch an Alliance; her Father was an Apothecary, the moſt *Crabbed, Crafty, Covetous* and *Fallacious* of his Trade, who, when he had once perſwaded People they were Sick, gave 'em Medicines which really made 'em ſo; he leſs concern'd himſelf with the Patient's Death, than whether there were *Aſſids* to pay his Bill; was ever making out his unreaſonable unintelligible Scrawls, impatient for the Money, and implacable at an excuſe, yet refus'd to pay the leaſt Family Debt he ow'd others. The World knowing him to be a ſubſtantial Man, tho' a *Humouriſt*, gave him unlimited Credit for ev'ry thing; and as his Receipts were numerous and his Diſburſements few, his Coffers ſwell'd to a mighty height; but a long Series of Time making People grow impatient for their Money, which his Soul cou'd n't part with, and his Creditors finding Threats and Intreaties were to the ſame Purpoſe, at laſt threw himſelf into a Goal; during his many Years Confinement, his Wife and Daughters appear'd very mournful, both in Habit and Countenance, and their Father, to give eternal Proof of his Probity, dy'd in *Priſon*, rather than he wou'd pay his Debts. Mrs. *Julip* ſoon diſſipated her Tears, and chang'd the Melancholy Scene. She was now a rich Widow, her Daughters great Fortunes, and they ſoon diſplay'd themſelves in their glaring Equipage; 'tis true, the baffl'd World may rail a little, but the ratling of the Charriot Wheels drowns the diſagreeable Noiſe, and thoſe that keep Coaches deſpiſe the petty Reflections of Creatures that walk a foot. Sir *Samuel* was received here with all the Ceremony of City Affectation; *Preliminaries* ſoon adjuſted, the Parties being eager on both ſides, and they were *tack'd* together about three Weeks paſt. *The Bridegroom* having abandon'd Truth, Honour and Honeſty, *Breeding, Gentility, and ev'ry agreeable Air* have fled from him, and he appears a moſt *Awkard, Tawdry, Tinſy old Fop of Fifty in White and Gold, Cherry and Silver Waſtcoat, and Facings*, and only wants *a Sword-knot, Shoulder-knot, and Cravat-ſtring*, to make him a compleat *Sight*. Lady *Bride* is perfectly *the Queen of Diamonds*; her *Necklace, Pendants* and *Sparkling Noſegay*, the product of her Father's *Cozenage*, ſhow her to be *Æſop's Jay deck'd with borrow'd Plumes*, ev'ry Bird ought to ſeize his own, and leave her *Paramour*, who has ſhown his Judgment in Beauty, and how much he prefers it to Gold, by ſlighting the Fair, the charming *Catherina* with no deſpicable Fortune for the *ill-turn'd Blouzabella*, who has a larger ſupply, tho' of unproſperous Wealth, to new rig her according to his manifeſt Generoſity.

*** Serjeant Kite *gives Notice, that he intends to hang out his* Flag *no more this Seaſon, till next Thankſgiving-Day, becauſe the Duke of* Marlborough *has come upon him ſo often with repeated Victories, that it is quite worn out, and he muſt be more ſparing of it for the future, unleſs the Market Women in* Covent-Garden, *and Mob adjacent, will contribute to the buying a New one. Subſcriptions are taken at the Theatre in the* Hay-Market, *and the Watch-Houſe in* Covent-Garden.

*** *Collonel* Tatalindus *is pleaſed to direct, that all Whiſperers, Goſſips, Tale-bearers and Scandal-Mongers, do henceforth apply to him at his Houſe till further Notice, for he deſigns to walk under the Long Piazza in* Covent-Garden *no more than two Hours in a Day to get Intelligence, till the Town thickens, when Notice will be given in Print of his further Intentions,*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *gives Thanks to the Gentlemen and Ladies, who ſend her* Intelligence, *and hopes no* Party *will be offended, if their Letters happen not to be taken notice of, ſeveral coming upon Subjects already treated on, particularly two about the* Mercer on *Ludgate-hill*, who goes from Shop to Shop beating the Tattoo with a Yard: *Others being* Party-Letters, *Letters upon nice Points of* Religion, *a Subject not fit for a* TATLER; *ſome giving imperfect Relations, and others being a little too trifling. Whatever Stories are ſent, real or fictitious, that have but the leaſt hint worthy of Improvement, will be carefully publiſh'd in their turn: And Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *thinks ſhe may, without Vanity, deſire thoſe who are ſtill impoſ'd on by the* Spurious Paper, *whenſoever accidentally met with, to compare two or three of 'em with hers, and ſhe fancies they'll be ſoon undeceiv'd.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

‡†‡ A Pindarick ODE on His Excellency John Duke of Marlborough, Prince of the Holy Empire, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Marlborough, &c. with a View of the 3 laſt Glorious and Memorable Campaigns. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, Price Six Pence.

*** The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the beſt Remedies for the worſt Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and ſmall Charge without any other Advice, or being expoſed to Quacks, cure themſelves of thoſe Diſtempers, which, (if neglected are dangerous as well as Ignominous By T. C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookſeller, remov'd to the Dial and Bible againſt St Dunſtans Church in Fleet-ſtreet, Pr. 1 s.

THe moſt Soveraign Strengthening Plaiſter for all weak or pained Limbs or Joynts, whether from Sprains, Bruiſes, Wrenches, Fractures, Diſlocations, Rheumatiſms, Gouts, or any other Cauſe: It is different from all Plaiſters ever known, and gives Eaſe and Strength beyond any thing ever uſed; ſuch as have been Cripples for many years, have been ſoon able to Walk upon applying it, ſo as Gouty and Rheumatick People, who after the Fit has been off, to remove the Weakneſs it commonly leaves on the Limbs and Joints, apply this Plaiſter, which Comforts, Nouriſhes and Strengthens to admiration, doing more in a Day than all other Plaiſters, Oils or Ointments will in a Month, as thoſe that try will find. Sold for 3 s. 6 d. the Gallipot, (to be ſpread and applied as directed) at the Golden Ball in Wine Office Court in Fleet-ſtreet.

ONe that has for many years made the Cure of Vapours and Melancholy his particular care and ſtudy, offers for Publick Good, a moſt agreeable Medicine (an Electuary) which he has experienc'd to give the moſt inſtant Relief, and real and perfect Cure, above all things ever uſed: It has cured numbers of both Sexes to a wonder, dr.ven almoſt to deſpair, and that in a very ſhort ſpace, performing in reallity what other Medicines are but ſaid to do, as the printed Directions at large ſeal'd up with it ſet forth. Sold by Mrs Cole at the Dial and 2 Crowns over againſt St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet. Pr. 5 s. the Gally-Pot.

THe True Royal Snuff for Purging the Head. It takes away Pains and Aches from thence, Cures Deafneſs, and is very excellent againſt the Megrim, Palſey, Apoplexy, the Evil in the Eyes, or any other Humour in them. Alſo the Gout in the Head, Catarrh or Drippings from the Head upon the Lungs; and will bring away all Mercury that lodgeth in the Head, by taking Bolus's or Pills; or occaſioned by any infectious Trades, as Refiners, Gilders, Plummers, and the like, and very much helps Dimneſs of Sight. Sold Leaonard's Coffee-houſe in Fleet Lane. Pr. 2 s. 6 d. the Box.

THe *Cephalick and Pulmonick Species, a little of which ſmoak'd with Tobacco, wonderfully comforts the Brain and Nerves, removes Pain and Noiſe in the Head, thickneſs of Hearing, Apoplexies, Falling-ſickneſs, Palſies, Vertigo's, Catarrhs, Aſthma's, tickling Coughs, and all Defluxions of Rheum or Humours upon the Eyes, Teeth, Throat and Lungs, preventing Conſumptions, and for taking away the Cauſe of Rheumatiſms, and preventing and ſhortning the Fits of the Gout, proves a greater Remedy than moſt are aware of: 'Tis of a fine fragrant Scent, and Smoaks ſo delightfully, that its admired by all People. Price 1 s. 6 d. the Paper which is enough to mixt with a pound of Tobacco. To be had only at Mr Spooners at the Golden Half-Moon in Lemon-ſtreet in Goodmans Fields, near White Chapel.*

THe Hypochondraick Digeſtion Powder for Melancholy and Vavours, the great and miraculous Cures this Medicine has wrought, (as appears by divers Letters and Teſtifications) and the univerſal Reputation it has thereby gained, put the Author on thinking it needleſs any further to publiſh it, but he lately hearing of its being counterfeited, and reports induſtrioufly ſpread, that what is ſold at Jacob's is not the right, obliged him (that the Publick may not be impoſed upon) to give this notice, That the true Medicine, of which ſuch vaſt quantities have been there diſpoſed of, is ſtill (and never will be elſewhere) ſold at Jacob's Coffee-houſe againſt the Angel and Crown Tavern in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, ſeal'd up with Directions at 3 s. 6 d. the Paper, containing ſeveral Doſes; and is aſſuredly for thoſe Diſtempers the only certain Remedy in the whole Republick of Medicines. It immediately appeaſes all the moſt violent and raging Symptoms, and cures even where the Mind is ſo confuſed, Spirits and Senſes hurry'd, as to render the Patient crazed and almoſt diſtracted; for it rectifies the Digeſtive Faculty, expels the Wind, ſettles and compoſes the Head and Spirits, rectifies the ſtagnated Blood and Juices, and diſſolves and removes the Obſtructions, which hinder neceſſary Evacuations and cauſe thoſe Diſtempers, as all Perſons that applies it will happily Experience.

Sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.*